THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

JANUARY 1915

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CHIEF LOGAN'S DEFENSE

I APPEAL to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, "Logan is the friend of the white man." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, who, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

LOGAN, SENECA CHIEF

A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

The Red Man

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OSCAR H. LIPPS, Supervisor in Charge.

(By Courtesy of The Volta Review, Washington, D. C.)

Roger Williams, the pioneer advocate of complete freedom of opinion on religious subjects, being banished from Massachusetts, fled to what is now Rhode Island, and received from his

Press Comments

SECRETARY LANE, of the Department of the Interior, believes the hour is ripe for placing the Indian on a basis of independence, making of him a free citizen instead of a Government ward, removing from him the stigma of beggary and the fictitious aid of paternalism, and entering the Indian among the competitors in the race for success, in which every man makes or mars his own destiny.

The Secretary of the Interior chose the right moment for this plea for Indian manhood. It is a thought which has been evolving in many minds, especially among those deeply conversant with Indian lore and character and now it is given definite shape and official sanction.

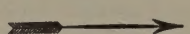
Why shoud we longer keep the Indian in a state of tutelage? Many Indians are wealthy, many are educated. So far from dying out, the Indian race is increasing in numbers. The time cannot be far off when we will have our choice of two options—that of deliberate unfairness to a progressing people, or that of removing the barriers which separate the Indians from other Americans. The first alternative is not to be considered, and the second is inevitable. The only question is "When?" and all the evidences point to the probability that the course Secretary Lane recommends cannot be long delayed.—*Buffalo Times.*

NOBODY—except the ethnological sharps—wants to call the American Indian a Mongolian. The country sympathizes with Commissioner of Indian Affairs Sells in his scorn for writers who seek to reduce the number of races by lining up the Indian with Chinese and Turks.

The theory that the original inhabitans of America came over from Asia is one that has been much discussed, but never fully veri-

fied. Dividing the races of mankind into Caucasic or White Man, the Negroid or Black Man, and the Mongolic or Yellow Man, convenience seeks to put all American aborigines, from the Eskimos to the Fuegians, into the third family. Ethnologists themselves admit, however, that the American Indian is in feature, character and habits widely at variance with the pure Mongolians of Asia. They hesitatingly put him last in the Mongolic group.

Whatever we may have done to the first true American by right of precedence, we mean to stick up for him as long as there is one of him left to stand in a class by himself. Take away the yellow paint. Let the red man stay red.—*New York World.*



PROBABLY going on the theory that it is better to take first an unpleasant subject and have done with it, the open pages of the annual report of the Secretary of the Interior is devoted to the Federal policy—or lack of it—in dealing with the American Indian.

If for no other, then for sentimental reasons, the discussion is of interest, for every one suspects that the "Indian policy" and "Belgium's neutrality" are in the same class, only justified by pleading national expedience.

The Secretary does not beg the question. He admits what every one knows, that there have been times when the American Indian has been grievously wronged, both as a tribe and as individuals. He bravely paints the romantic position of the aboriginal occupant of the country whose sovereignty was undisputed and whose ownership of the continent was admitted, and aganist this places the prose of our national policy.

The Indian problem would have been a difficult one in equity at all stages in our national life, even if there had always been a sincere regard in the Government for equity and justice for them. But a so-called higher civilization is not always respectful in its treatment of an inferior one. Forcible annihilation is often the easier solution and it has, too, the virtue of permanency.

We have tried a little of everything in our Indian policy, and it is only at this time that our policy becomes clear.

Paternalism might not be so bad if we could bring ourselves to foster those conditions which would promote the speedy elimination of the Indians. But we are civilized, we are not altogether

committed to the philosophy of the survival of the fittest, we feel it our national duty, at this time, to conserve Indian life, therefore a paternalistic policy is not sound. It gets the federal government nowhere—except into debt, and it isn't good for the Indian—though you can't convince some of them of the fact.

We have 300,000 Indians. Our "white man's burden," as set forth by the Secretary, is to make of these American citizens, fully equipped and capable to make their way and pit their ability and business acumen against the white man. It is a big job.—*Indianapolis Times.*

IN HIS annual report Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, cites many instances of intelligent Indians who have declared for independence, and who insist that their people will never learn civilization until left to their own devices for making a living, the same as the white folks, and the Secretary is of the opinion that the time has come when the Indians should be treated as individual American citizens and not as wards of the Nation. The Secretary says there is a law which gives him the power to adopt the course to which he refers and he may take advantage of it to make the experiment.

The world has been greatly surprised that our handling of the Indian problem has been so singularly inferior to that of the Canadian method, for in Canada, though dealing with many of the same tribes of Indians that dwelt on this side of the border, there has never been any serious trouble, no Indian wars, but on the contrary a state of peace and harmony altogether admirable.

The Canadians have from the beginning treated the Indians considerately and with regard for their welfare. Their ways of living and modes of thought were studied sympathetically and understood almost from the beginning of the settlement of the country, and the result has been such as to make the Canadian record enviable alike for its success and its justice.—*Glenn Falls, N. Y. Tsmes.*

FROM what has been already said it will be perceived that in the direction of Indian affairs it is wisest to give our chief concern to those who are willing to work, who show evidence of a rudimentary ambition, and to convert the Bureau of Indian Affairs into a great

co-operative educational institution for young and old, reducing to the minimum the eleemosynary side of its work and its trust functions. It sounds trite, but it has its significance here, that it is not so important to conserve the wealth of a people as to develop their capacity for independence.

To turn the Indian loose from the bonds of governmental control not in great masses, but individually, basing this action upon his ability to watch his steps and make his way not in any fool's dream that he will advance without tripping, but in the reasonable hope that he will develop self-confidence as he goes along; to destroy utterly the orphan asylum idea, giving charity only to the helpless and in gravest emergencies; to teach the Indian that he must work his way, that the Government will no longer play the part of Elijah's raven; to convert the young to our civilization through the creation of ambitions and desires which the blanket life cannot satisfy; to organize each group of Indians into a community of sanely guided co-operators who shall be told and taught that this Government is not to continue as an indulgent father, but as a helpful, experienced and solicitous elder brother—this program we are adventuring upon. It may be inadequate, but it is surely a long step on the road which the Cherokees took.—*Fitchburg (Mass.) Sentinel.*

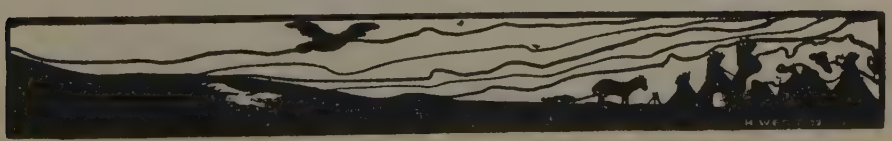
THE Mohawk Trail, which was dedicated recently, has a history almost as attractive as its wondrous scenery. It surmounts the barrier that has so long separated the valleys of the Deerfield and the Hoosac. It is this barrier that kept Berkshire a wilderness for 100 years subsequent to the settlement of Massachusetts Bay Colony. It is this barrier that for over one hundred years longer made Berkshire geographically a part of New York State while it was politically a part of Massachusetts. And long before the coming of the white man to America—how many years nobody knows—it was this barrier that separated two powerful divisions of the Indians inhabiting the country.

The coming together of these tribes, in war and later for purposes of peaceful alliance, eventually resulted in a well-defined trail over the barrier connecting the region of the Hudson Valley in New York with the Valley of the Connecticut in Massachusetts. Taking its name from one of the strongest of the Five Nations of

the Iroquois Federation, it became known as the Mohawk Trail. It was over this trail, traversing portions of three States, that the pioneer English from the settlements along the Connecticut finally found their way into the Berkshire Valleys, with their wonderful natural resources, and established their outposts, prepared to dispute their holdings with the French and the Indians and the Dutch whose colonies had long been established to the west. And here in this corner where three States now come together, long the theater of a savage intertribal warfare, were enacted dramatic scenes interwoven with some of the most important events and personages of American history.—*North Adams (Mass.) Transcript.*

SECRETARY LANE is quite right in his policy of making every effort to abandon the reservation system and put all Indians on a self-supporting basis. In the entire history of this country nothing has been so lamentable as its treatment of the Indians, who have at times been looked upon as independent treaty-making nations, at other times as children and at still others as public enemies. Any one of these policies carried on consistently might have succeeded in doing the Indians some good, but the constant change from one to the other has brought nothing but woe to all concerned.

Those Indian tribes which have been governed least have made the most progress, as witness the Iroduois, the Five Nations of Ohlahoma and other tribes who have largely made their own way in the world. The main trouble with our policy has been a notion that because the Indian was not given to book learning he was not able to take care of himself. Hence he has been herded on reservations and surrounded by restrictions unfit for children ten years old. That the Indian has become restless, recentful and obstreperous at times is not to be wondered at. He is perfectly able to take care of himself. He is as intelligent as the average American even if he is unlettered. He has seldom had a fair chance. He has lived for centuries on the "root hog, or die" principle and likes it. He objects being treated like an infant.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



The Seminoles of Florida and Their Rights in the Everglades:

By Minnie Moore-Willson.

FOR the past two months the hearts of the American people have been saddened by the recitals, verbal and pictorial, of the atrocities practiced upon the innocent and helpless in the terrible war-conflict of the nations of Europe. Moving picture films show among other distressing sights, old women and little children driven from their homes and fleeing before the enemy. Carrying their little bundles, the pitiful salvage from the wreck of their homes, they flee, terror-stricken and starving, to find refuge where they can.

In Florida we have a people who have fought no less bravely and honorably for all that is dear to the heart of man, and their history is no less tragic. Hidden in the dreary Everglades, pushed to their extremity, are to be found a band of Indians—a shattered remnant of the American Aborigines—the Seminoles. Today universal sympathy is going out to this remnant of a people who have fought so bravely for the land of their birth, for their homes, and for the burial place of their kindred.

Rivaling the story of "A Man Without a Country," the history of the helpless, homeless, and hungry Seminoles must appeal to the highest impulses of the best citizenship of the State of Florida.

Mute Story of An Oppressed People.

THE history of the home-loving Seminoles is a very Iliad of tragedy—a poignantly touching story of a despoiled people in dire necessity. Farther and farther into the trackless wilds of the

swamp morasses they have been driven, their once well-stocked hunting grounds depleted and their fields and gardens taken from them by the ever-encroaching white man. There has been no wanton bloodshed, perhaps; no barbarous cruelty has been practiced, no dum-dum bullets have been used nor sharp-edged sabres thrust into the hearts of the non-resisting Seminoles; but the white speculators' continuous cry, "Move on! Move on!" has rung in their ears for three-quarters of a century.

Surely, we owe as much to these native Americans—the original owners of all the vast domain of the Okeechobee country—as we do to the black man or to the crude emigrants who are swarming to our country. Surely, we injure a man when we take away his country and his livelihood without his consent and without recompense. Indeed, can there be deeper injury?

The Everglades Seminoles, who gave their pledge in 1842 to General Worth, "never to take up arms and to desist from all aggression upon their white neighbors, and to confine themselves to certain areas in the Southern Peninsula of Florida," have kept faith with their white conquerors. With their few belongings they have moved on and on, until they can go no farther. These red people of the great silent 'Glades have now reached the crucial point—the great crisis of their existence in the land they love with such absorbing devotion, and it is for us to see that, facing as they do bravely and uncomplainingly the changed conditions of their life, they shall at least not lack sufficient land in their fastnesses on which to support that life.

As we consider this, let us think what we owe them, what have been our dealings with them in the past. Broken treaties and violated pledges must be fresh in their memory; for the white man's dealings with Chief Tallahassee's people is a record of broken agreements and scorned oaths. Under the American flag in 1843, a peace council was held where Seminole chieftains and American army officers, all in the regalia of their respective official ranks, agreed upon a treaty and the Seminoles were assigned to certain areas. *The Seminoles have never broken that treaty!*

As their traditions tell them of the oppression their people suffered during the thrice forty years they wandered in the wilderness, who can tell the secrets of their hearts? To do this it would be

necessary to become for the time the Indian—what white man can ever do more than vaguely feel the bitterness and sorrows those hearts must experience? Only to the winds that waft across Okeechobee are whispered the heart-throbs of these red people of the forest homes.

Today, these six hundred homeless, native Americans lurk in their swamp-hedged wigwams, built on little islands in the gruesome Everglades wilderness, eking out an existence, fearing the white man, yet independent—too proud to receive alms of State or Nation, and only asking to be "let alone."

The Indian Code of Honor.

NO PUBLIC money has ever been appropriated to maintain insane asylums, penitentiaries or courts of justice for this part of Florida's population. Their simple form of tribal government erected on three pillars, "not to steal, nor lie, nor cheat," is strictly obeyed, and their moral code has molded them into beings ever quiet and peaceful even in the face of most unjust dealings and provocations, and has caused them to stand out among all the peoples of the world as marvels of chastity, for the stern death penalty by the council follows any breach of their unwritten law of virtue. In this, and in all other respects, they are today observing the same laws as did their forefathers nearly two centuries ago. Their legends and laws have been handed down from generation to generation and, like the secrets of Masonry, have been preserved unbroken and inviolate.

A Work for Florida Women.

THE 20th century slogan for woman is "Help for the needy and uplift for all." All over the United States women are crying that slogan and seeking to give that help wherever it is needed. Their work and successes have been epoch-making and this America of ours stands out today among all the nations of the globe as the apotheosis of the spirit of democracy and humanity. In the words of our honored President, Woodrow Wilson, "The way to succeed in America is to show that you are not afraid of anybody but God and his judgment."

The women of Florida have at their door a problem more pitiable, involving a people more worthy of help, far more deserving in

BILLY BOWLEGS WITH HIS SISTER, STEM-O-LAK-EE

SEMINOLES ON THE MIAMI RIVER

its extremity, than confronts the people of any other State in the Union. It is their privilege to succor the helpless Seminole Indians, who, since the hoisting of the American flag in 1821, have been reduced from a powerful nation to a decimated band of starving humanity. Under Spanish rule the tribe owned homes, cattle by the thousands, indigo plantations and fertile hammocks studded with bearing orange trees. Today, under American rule, although they are worthy descendants of their beloved war chieftain, Osceola, and in their blood is the same inherent love of home, country and honor, they dwell wretched but uncomplaining in their weird morasses and their very helplessness makes a most tou ching appeal to our twentieth century civilization and Christianity

The Seminole Land Bill.

IT IS a far call from the marshy Everglades to the Legislative halls of Tallahassee, and yet with the affairs of the State in the hands of men willing to serve the highest as well as lowest of their fellow citizens, it is earnestly hoped that the heart cries of the silent dwellers of the 'Glades will be heard and justice and fair play be given to these red children of Florida.

While probably all the club members of Florida are familiar with the action of the Florida Legislature at its last session, still a brief recital will refresh the memory.

The Seminole Land Bill, granting a large tract of land, passed both the House and Senate with but one dissenting vote. This bill was passed by a body of men who had carefully weighed the matter of a reservation—most of it a swampy and almost uninhabitable area—yet considered the best available refuge for this frail remnant of the original owners of all this Everglades country.

This act of Florida's representative citizens should go down in history to the everlasting praise of the splendid body of right-thinking men. All over the country was the good news heralded by the press association, to the Indian department as well as to the deeply interested friends of these wards of the State.

Alas! The pathos of the story, the unhappy sequel, came when this bill was vetoed by the Governor on the last day of the legislative session, when it was too late to pass the bill over the veto; thus leaving the Indians, these distinctive Floridian natives, more helpless and more dependent then ever before.

Work for the Future.

THE work before the friends of this helpless people is to secure from the State of Florida a suitable tract of land in the Everglades, with a strong law prohibiting others from hunting or living on the tract—a refuge where in peace, this aboriginal race can readjust their mode of living and become citizens, Christianized and civilized. So today we must know that the future of the Everglades Seminole lies in the hands of the present just and humane citizens of Florida. This gentle and kindly race must have an abiding place—lands to be theirs forever.

While the life of the Florida Seminole has been a turbulent one, and they have ever been aliens to the joys and delights of civilization, there is at the present time an optimistic side for their future, providing always that the State of Florida will do her part and make a grant of land for their use. Their kindred in Oklahoma have never forgotten this remnant and some have, during the past few years, visited them in their 'Glade homes. The Oklahoma Seminoles are educated Christians and stand ready to send teachers to their brethren in Florida, and to help in their uplift, both in industrial training and along the lines of missionary work.

In review, and briefly, it is well to state here that the Seminoles have three powerful allies in the field of action for the betterment of their condition. First, the Florida Legislature, whose friendly action in 1913 is know to all and is now a matter of history. Second, the Federation of Women's Clubs, which has championed the Indians' cause and is making the help of the Seminoles a part of their uplifting work. Third, the Florida Press Association, the great molder of public opinion and the motor power of the State, which at its annual convention in the city of Fort Myers held in April, 1914, most graciously and amid frequent applause, obligated itself by resolution to further the policy of homes for the Seminoles and to stimulate interest in behalf of these homeless people in a free land.

Millions of Acres Untenanted.

THERE are today scattered all over Florida, drained, tillable and of excellent soil, millions of acres of land, within easy reach of the homeseeker and close to transportation, with reasonable taxes and at a moderate price per acre—then why follow the rainbow for

the uncertainties of the tropical swamps of Okeechobee, when fertile fields adjacent to schools and churches are within easy reach?

The drainage scheme of the Everglades of Florida continues to be problematical and uncertain. This vast saw-grass wilderness of four thousand square miles is surcharged by the overflow of Lake Okeechobee. This lake receives its floods from a watershed of 5,366 square miles, and spilling over its southern edge makes the country a vast aquatic jungle.

With the stupendous amount of money that must necessarily be paid out for canals, with pumping stations to be provided for, with a system of irrigation to be met, with locks to hold the water in the canals at certain seasons, with the intensity of the rainfall, with the dredges to be employed to keep the canals free from crumbling rock and soil as long as the country is inhabited, with cross-country ditches and lateral canals, together with the diking of thousands of acres—with a "DRAINAGE TAX" that may continue for half a century, "the drainage of the Everglades is a problem so vast as to stagger the average mind. And of the taxes, no adequate estimate can be made. Then why the enormous expense of draining the Everglades when so much good land is yet unoccupied? Broadly speaking, the Seminole Indians are the only race which could ever successfully make its home in these marshy fastnesses and they would take them as they are.

These lands and possessions we have taken from them, and now we have a duty to perform toward them. Surely, out of our abundance we may let fall a few crumbs to help sustain them in their unequal struggle for existence. Of what crime are we guilty if we fail in this, our best opportunity to pay a very little part of the great debt of justice we owe them? There is something more than money involved. If these people are wantonly destroyed, or crowded out of existence for the sake of putting a few more dollars into the land speculators' pockets, it will be the foulest blot that has ever soiled the escutcheon of Florida.

The Seminoles' Footprints.

FROM the Northern boundaries of the State to the farthermost corner of the peninsula the history and wanderings of the old Turbaned tribe of Florida can be traced in the soft rhythmatical names they have given to numerous lakes, rivers, and towns.

Around the very name of Florida clings a wealth of legends and abiding words of beauty memorials left by these pathfinders firmly imbedded in the history of the State. Their traditions are not less interesting and fascinating, and retaining as the Seminoles have done through centuries all the picturesqueness and customs of their ancestors, their folk-lore is peculiarly rich, and years to come students and ethnologists will wake up to a research of their priceless but unwritten records, and their mythology will be one of our most cherished possessions. They have given us an enduring heritage of beauty. Shall we give them less than a belated justice?

Believing that the people of Florida are eager and anxious to see fair play shown the Everglade Indians; believing that honor and justice should come before material interests; and relying on the hope that the behavior of our citizens at the coming Legislature will dignify human kindness in a triumph for the weak; we place this subject before the reading and thinking public—confident of the verdict that will be rendered.

The Last Great Council.

WHEN the Last Great Council meets and the red brother sits on equal footing with the white brother before the throne of the Great Spirit; when each is measured by the light that was given him, may the record of the Florida Legislature of 1915 be not "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

One great, strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world.—*Elbert Hubbard*

The Awakened American Indian:

By Arthur C. Parker.

THE American Indian has written a new chapter in his life story. The tenth day of December, nineteen hundred and fourteen, marked a new beginning in Indian progress and proclaimed a new day for the red race. Upon that day President Wilson listened to the memorial of the Society of American Indians in behalf of the American Indian. Never before, perhaps, had there assembled so large a body of men and women of Indian blood, having so wide an influence in the world's affairs. Never before had the men and women of the race presented so definite an appeal covering the condition of all Indians.

The memorial presented to the President was the outcome of an action of the University of Wisconsin Conference of the Society of American Indians, and was drawn up by order of the Conference. The committee consisted of Dennison Wheelock, chairman; Prof. F. A. Mckenzie, Henry Roe-Cloud, Hiram Chase, and William J. Kershaw; supplemented by the executive committee, including the president, vice-president on membership, and the secretary-treasurer.

The meetings at which the memorial was formulated were held at the office of Hon. Gabe E. Parker, Register of the United States Treasury. Mr. Parker, a Choctaw, is a member of the Society's advisory board. Here the various ideas submitted by the committee and by members of the executive council were drawn into shape, after careful debate. In its preparation a majority of members of the advisory board, the entire memorial committee, and all but one absent member of the executive council participated. The

strong men of the Society and of the race were indeed present. Their memorial to the President is a historic document.

President Wilson had set the hour as twelve-fifteen on December tenth. The Society, represented by its active officers, associate officers, board, and by many members of both divisions, marched promptly from their headquarters at the Hotel Powhatan and reached the White House a few minutes before noon. More than forty delegates were in the body. Senator Robert L. Owen, of Cherokee blood, was already with the President as the delegation entered the reception room in the Executive Mansion. The local arrangements had been made with the Secretary to the President by Mr. Gabe E. Parker, who introduced the members of the Society. The President stood in the center of his office and shook hands cordially as each member was presented. Then, after a short explanation, Mr. Dennison Wheelock read the memorial, which follows:

District of Columbia, City of Washington.

His Excellency The President of the United States:

Acting under instructions of the Fourth Annual Conference of the Society of Amercian Indians, held on the 6th to the 11th of October, 1914, at the University of Wisconsin, in the city of Madison, Wisconsin, your petitioners respectfully present this memorial.

Congress has conferred special authority upon the President of the United States respecting the welfare of the Indians, regarded as wards of the Government. We believe that this obligation lies close to your heart and we, therefore, feel free to suggest to you a few things which seem to us necessary to our welfare and progress, to our development as co-laborers and producers. We believe that you feel, with the progressive members of our race, that it is anamalous permanently to conserve within the nation groups of people whose civic condition by legislation is different from the normal standard of American life.

Definition of Legal Status.

As a race, the Indian, under the jurisdiction of the United States, has no standing in court or Nation. No man can tell what its status is, either civic or legal. Confusion and chaos are the only words descriptive of the situation. This condition is a barrier to the progress of our people who aspire to higher things and greater success.

We hold it incontrovertible that our status in this Nation should be defined by Federal authority. We request, therefore, that, *as the first essential to a proper solution of the Indian problem, and even for the benefit of the Nation itself, his matter be placed in the hands of a commission o three men,—the best, the most*

competent, and the kindliest men to be found, and that they be authorized to study this question, and recommend to you and to the Congress the passage of a code of Indian law which shall open the door of hope and progress to our people. Our Society since its beginning has pled for this fundamental necessity of race advancement.

Admission to the Court of Claims.

We ask, also, *that the Court of Claims be given jurisdiction over all Indian claims against the United States.*

This done, a great barrier to race development would be removed, for we should no longer be tied to the past with the feeling that the country had not fulfilled its obligations to our race.

We believe that more than has been done can be done to make Indian property an efficient instrument for Indian welfare; to make Indian intellect, statesmenship, and craftsmanship useful to the Nation. We point with pride to the men and women who by their achievements have demonstrated the inherent capacities of Indian blood. Our plea is that just opportunity be provided to insure the efficiency and enlarge the capacity of the thousands who have not had freedom to struggle upward and whose condition very shortly will become not only a menace to themselves but a burden to the Nation.

We plead, sir, that you give us the cheer of your word, that you consider our request and call upon Congress to grant the American Indians those fundamental rights and privileges, which are essential to release them from enforced wardship, dependence, and consequent degeneracy; and that you advocate measures that will, according to the recognized principles of legal and economic development, speedily secure their admission to the field of even chance for individual efficiency and competency.

For the weak and helpless, for the discouraged and hopeless of our race scattered over this broad land, we make this plea and petition. Through our annual conference we have carried our plea to the great universities of the land; we have striven to awaken the public conscience to the justice of our demands and now we ask you to consider the merits of our appeal. And for the boon we carve we shall ever pray.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN INDIANS.
SHERMAN COOLIDGE, *President.*
CHAS. E. DAGENETT, *Vice-President.*
WM. J. KERSHAW, *Vice-President.*
ARTHUR C. PARKER, *Secretary.*

December 10, 1914.

The Committee on Memorial:
DENNISON WHEELOCK, *Chairman;*
HIRAM CHASE,
HENRY ROE-CLOUD,
F. A. MCKENZIE,
WM. J. KERSHAW.

The President remained standing at one corner of his desk during the reading and was evidently impressed. After Mr. Wheelock had handed the memorial to the President, Mr. Coolidge, president of the Society, delivered a few words in explanation of the object of the Society. This was followed by an address by Mr. Wm. J. Kershaw. Mr. Kershaw's speech was an eloquent classic and profoundly impressive. As the years go by it will be regarded as one of the masterpieces of Indian oratory. Congressman Charles D. Carter, former chief of the Chickasaw Council and now vice-president on legislation of the Society, made the closing address indorsing the momorial in its plea for a new and just code of law and greater opportunity for the red man.

President Wilson replied expressing his pleasure in receiving the delegation and stating that he had not given special thought to the Indian, though he had appointed the best man he could find as Secretary of the Interior and as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He promised to give the memorial his most earnest consideration and to study measures advocated by the Society.

Promptly upon the expiration of the term of the interview the delegates filed from the room and out of the White House, where they faced a battery of cameras and moving-picture machines.

After returning to the Hotel Powhatan for luncheon, the executive committee held an informal conference which continued until five o'clock. The speakers were President Coolidge, Dr. C. Hart Merriam on the "Tragedy in California," Matthew K. Sniffen on the "Cry of Alaska," Wm. J. Kershaw on "Our Memorial," Hiram Chase on "The Law that Restricts," Father Philip B. Gordon on "The Relation of Education to Morality," and General Pratt on "Why I Have Loved the Red Man."

The afternoon meeting was merely an informal discussion, the evening banquet being the event to which all looked for the final event of the day.

The local chairman of the entertainment committee was Mr. Charles E. Dagenett and to him the success of the event is largely due. As in all of its functions, this was distinctly of high grade, every appointment being the best that could be secured.

The toastmaster for the evening was Hon. Charles D. Carter. The principal speaker was Hon. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who told us of the remarkable change he had wrought

in Indian Affairs and vividly depicted his achievements in protecting Indian interest. Other speakers who delivered addresses were Dennison Wheelock on "The Law Bars The Way to Indian Progress;" Patrick S. Murley on "Humor at the Bar;" Henry Roe-Cloud on "Brains and Efficiency;" Prof. F. A. McKenzie on "Principles and Dangers;" Mrs. Marie L. B. Baldwin on "What an Indian Woman Has to Say for Her Race;" Dr. Sherman Coolidge on "The Society;" Hon. W. A. Durant on "A National Indian Society as the Means for Race Efficiency;" and Dr. Thomas C. Moffett on "The Power of Friendship Among Races."

The banquet favors were small Indian war clubs tied with white ribbons and labeled "Peace Clubs." Upon the ribbon was printed the following stanza:

THE PEACE CLUB.

To knock with club and thrust with spear
Robs life of all its peace and cheer.
So let us CLUB together friend,—
Then all our woes shall be at end.

The committee had hoped to have a peace dinner and had telegraphed for peace pipes, but the New York Indian Exhibits Company having no peace pipes sent war clubs! This put the committee in a quandary, for it had no warlike intentions. On the spur of the moment, however, the verse was penned, and the club used for peaceful advantage.

The meeting and presentation were convened in remarkable quick time. The President gave but seven days' notice in which to prepare for the trip to the Capitol. That the great majority of officials was present is a tribute to the strength of the Society and the harmony of its administration.

On the 11th and 12th of December the executive council held its annual meeting. By invitation of the Register of the Treasury most sessions were held in his office. The principal actions of interest to the membership are those relating to the policy of *The Quarterly Journal, S. A. I.*, the appointment of a board of trustees, whose chairman is Mrs. Marie L. B. Baldwin, and the selection of the meeting place for the 1915 conference. The Fifth Conference will meet under the auspices of the University of Oklahoma in Oklahoma City, Okla. This has already led to great enthusiasm on the part of the Oklahoma membership.

The accomplishments of the December meeting were the reaching of the President's ear, the presentation of basic facts for his consideration, a demostration of the Society's unity and purpose, and the establishing of a deeper confidence of the public in the capacity of red men to reach out for higher things.

The impression made by the memorial delegation was profound. Dr. William K. Cooper, secretary of the Washington Y. M. C. A., stated that the event was most dignified and orderly he had ever seen in the Executive Mansion and his opinion was verified by Mr. Samuel Brosius, attorney for the Indian Rights Association, who affirmed that it was the most impressive event he had ever witnessed in connection with Indian affairs. Others stated that the event was a positive demonstration of the ability of Indian blood to achieve.

The membership represented Indians prominent in civil, religious, and political life, including clergymen, educators, scientists, congressment, business men, lawyers, and financiers. If these have struggled upward through adverse conditions, how many more might achieve and advance as efficient factors in the national life if the laws of the land would only permit it.

In this memorable council only earnest faces were seen. The men and women who composed it were energetic factors in the life of the Republic. The spirit of Carlisle was shown by the nine delegates who came at their own expense. Every man and woman of Indian blood was conscious of his responsibilities and eager to meet his obligations to his race and to his country. Proud of the ability of the race to advance, as they were, their clothing was that of citizenship of the great Nation. There were no blankets, no feathers, no relics of the past,—for these men and women were *the Indians of to-day*, pleading for the future. Their vision was fixed upon things ahead. Though in their hearts they were still loyal to the best traditions of their people, each knew that such things were a part of the past. Their appeal was not only for race and for country, but for humanity.

Thus has a new day dawned and dynamic effort has been applied from within.

"Mucha Fiesta" in the Southwest:

By Edwin L. Sabin, in The Overland Monthly.

HE Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are essentially an agricultural people, and very many of their ceremonial dances are significant of the field and the harvest. Through the spring and summer they labor pretty steadily—they being among the American Indians who do really work, both male and female; and they take their relaxations mainly in fall and winter.

These celebrations begin, as a rule, in the late summer, as a tribal ceremony, or else as a propitiation to the god of the approaching harvest. After that occur the harvest programs and the programs of plenty or of famine, with occasional hunting programs thrown in.

The Puelos seem to have more of a passion for dancing and sacred rites than do the northern Indians. According to the authorities in folk lore and ethnology, this fact is due to the naturally sterile environments which have caused the native population to be more dependent than ordinary upon the favors of the seasons and the elements. As a later and a modifying element there should be added their close association with the Roman Catholic Church and with the fun-loving Mexicans. Under such modifications, a number of the ancient ceremonials have become "fiestas"—those holidays (corrupted from holy-days) of the Latins in both hemispheres. They present a program of mass, dances, and sports, and like a fair attract a gathering of vendors, guests, and visitors from far and near.

Thus more or less adulterated from the original, the greatest celebration of the Conchiti pueblo occurs upon July 14th; of the Santo Domingo, upon August 4th; of the Sia, August 15th; of San Juan, June 24th (early, this); of great Taos, on September 30th.

Being given at the most easterly, most northerly and most typical and isolated of all the pueblos existing, the Taos festival, termed San Geronimo Day, has excited the keenest attention not only from the general public that knows, but also from trained investigators. Like a number of its rival festivals in other pueblos, this of September 30th is presumably held in honor of the pueblo's patron saint, Jerome (Geronimo). But modernized as to title and as to certain of its features, the Taos annual festival of San Geronimo Day, September 30th of each year, possesses antiquity not to be questioned.

It is the old, old harvest celebration of the pueblo; the yearly thanksgiving to those forces which have made possible that the arid earth bring forth its increase. It is a form of sun worship. It must long antedate the arrival of the first padre and of San Geronimo and the Roman Church, with that readiness of adaptation which has been its success among its Indian proselytes, probably applied to the ancient festival the name of the assigned patron saint.

Thus the festival is a queer combination of Christian ritual and pagan rite. The Mexican population of the countryside gladly doff all cares and duties, and throng to attend. Come Apaches, San Juans, Navajos, and Utes. And from St. Louis, Denver, Kansas City, New York itself, flock in the curious whites.

Early, and by the wagonload, the happy Mexicans enter the little town of Fernandez de Taos, three miles from the pueblo, where for a Mexican fiesta booths have been set up in the plaza and crooked, adobe-walled streets. The whistle of the Taos historic merry-go-round (from whose wooden horses riotous vaqueros, in a year agone, shot off the tails), whistles incessantly, and the popular baile, announced by placard and violin and peering crowd, is instituted to continue afternoon and all night.

Under the strain, the bronze Pueblos are calmer; but it is only necessary, when one encounters them pursuing their daily routine ere the great day dawns, to accost them with the universal password:

"Bueno, amigos."

"Bueno, bueno," they respond, instantly.

"Mucha fiesta, en poco tiempo—eh?"

The smiles flash into each countenance.

"Si, si; mucha fiesta."

From a distance of thirty, forty, and fifty miles arrive the visitor Indians—easily, even by the stranger, differentiated the one tribe from the other. The San Juans, in their wagons, and with pottery for sale; the Apaches on horse-back, bucks and squaws, with baskets and bows-and-arrows; the Navajos likewise on horseback, with silverware and a blanket or two.

Occasionally is observed the greeting between friends—an inquiring pause when Apache meets Pueblo, a few steps impulsively taken, and a mutual embrace, almost affecting in its heartiness and simplicity.

At the pueblos, dances are being rehearsed; some of the young men require instruction, and some of the elder need a limbering up. These rehearsals are held in private. And no doubt there are other preliminaries of a secret nature, according to ancient laws and unmodified by the church, in the estufas and like secret chambers.

The pueblo has its clans and its own religious orders; and in the opinion of the writer, fasting is enforced upon certain individuals who are to take part in the program of the day.

During the afternoon preceding the festival, preparations at the pueblo become plainly visible. A bower of quaking aspen leaves is built against the north casa grande, about an elevated platform whence, at the head of the track, the saints shall overlook the race.

A hole is dug before the casa grande in what may be termed the pueblo plaza, and with much labor a great pole, fifty feet long, is set up therein. Although year after year the Indians erect this pole, nevertheless upon each occasion the hubbub is the same. It is a job which seems to require just so much wrangling and scurrying and perspiration—and grunting.

The omnipresent church intercedes, to remind; and about five o'clock the bell of the little chapel summons to mass. Having doffed its working costume (in themselves most picturesque) of ordinary blanket and shawl, now proudly arrayed in cotton and silk of colors still more vivid—yellows, greens, reds, blues, plain and figured, a veritable kaleidoscope—the pueblo goes to mass, bearing the offertory candles.

The mass lasts an hour; its conclusion is signified by the dis-

charge, besides the church door, of a rickety smooth-bore gun in the hands of an appointed Indian.

Notified by this signal, while the worshippers are pouring from the church, selected dancers who have been waiting, to the rear of each casa grande, advance waving their sprays of yellowed aspen foliage and chanting.

This is a sun dance. Shoulder to shoulder, in two long lines facing inward, the dancers, shuffling and chanting in perfect accord, traverse the plaza and enter the churchyard. All wear white blankets. At the church door they reverse, recross the plaza, and having danced before each of the casa grande, they disperse.

This ends the preliminaries, in public. What transpires during the night no outsider knows. The writer spent the night in the pueblo; but aside from the constant singing here and there, until dawn itself, of the sun dance song, nothing was in evidence (to him) that would break the ordinary routine.

Nothing, save the soft patter of feet, through the plaza, upon errand bent; and the late arrival of his host, from some mysterious retreat.

Chronicles of San Geronimo Day declare that at sunrise the Governor of the pueblo, standing high upon the roof of the principal casa grande, addresses in the Taos tongue his people, assembled below. But along with other public observances, this custom is, alas, through Indian aversion to notoriety, being omitted. In late years no address from the house-top has been given.

The first of the day's events, therefore, is the elevation, to the cross-bar upon the apex of the pole before mentioned, of the festal offerings. Formerly the sheep which formed a part of these offerings was employed alive, and was permitted to bleet out its life while suspended high above the careless throng of merry-makers. Civilization has steped in and altered this detail—the sheep now used has had its throat cut.

In addition to the sheep, there is the bunch of melons, and the sack of bread and corn—thus making an offering representative of the pueblo's food supply: meat and grain. The display, fastened aloft by a half-naked Indian, constitutes the pueblo's thank-tribute to the sun; for so largely does the sun figure in the Taos Indian's thoughts with reference to the celebration, that this harvest festival—this pseudo Saint's Day—is dominated by the still adored creative orb.

Ever since sunrise, spectators have been pouring into the pueblo ground. Many are mere spectators; others, like the Mexican peddlers, are spectators upon business bent also. About eight o'clock another mass is called, in the chapel; and thither, again, went their way the pueblo people.

By the time it is over, the grounds have become a fair: the wagons of the Mexican vendors, having for sale melons, pinon nuts, and articles of handicraft, are massed before the casa grande; horseman gallop hither and thither; pedestrians, brown and white, saunter and stare, and the camera, in the operation by professional and by tourist, is ever to be noted.

At the close of the mass, a procession issued from the church, bearing under canopy the saint himself—a rudely carved, venerable wooden figure endowed, for the occasion, with sentient attributes.

Carefully escorted, he is transferred to the bower, and there, by respectful hands, is installed, together with certain other sacred articles, such as a crucifix and draped shrine.

Immediately, upon the tract along which the saints may gaze, line up the racers. They are chosen, a band from each of the casa grande, and are stationed, in opposing divisons, at either end of the track. They are variously adorned—or, one might better say, decorated—being naked save as to breech-cloth and lavishly patterned with paint, while, to give them speed, upon the ankle are tied eagle feathers. Patches of down are scattered, also, over the limbs and body.

Until the last year or two, the runners have been marked with white imprints as of hands—referring, in some mysterious occult manner, to the sun. Therefore, if must be inferred that this race, ostensibly under the eyes of Saint Geronimo, is in honor of the sun; and it likewise must be inferred that the saint is only a substitution by the church to satisfy conscience.

The course is four hundred yards. The runners start, one from each of the casa grandes, race to the farther end, and there are replaced by two other runners. This is the relay race.

Back and forth speed the painted figures, amidst exhortations from the Indian guards and from the closely pressing spectators. The race continues for an hour or more, until victory is decided to belong to the one party or to the other. Then, at once, the runners and their kin unite in another dance, which may be called the

dance of triumph. It is significant that in this dance join the Apaches and the Utes and the visiting Indians generally, and are not repulsed. Therefore, the dance has lost a certain quality.

The dancers proceed, chanting and shuffling, and waving their yellowed aspen branches to the victorious casa grande, where they are pelted with bread by the women, from the house-tops: again a token of the sun, being, we may conjecture, not alone the reward of the women, but of the sun's bounty, also, for the spectacle.

The assertion that the losing pueblo pays the priest's dues of the entire tribe for the ensuing year, and that the winning side elects the Governor, is denied by the Indians themselves.

After the dance, the pueblo gives itself over to trading and feasting. Fruit and pinon nuts are bought liberally. At noon, every pueblo family has a dinner, to which visitors, white and red, are generously invited.

In the afternoon, the great event is the appearance of the clowns, or the chivonetti. These are representations of those mythical Delight Makers, who according to tradition and to Bandelier's great story, in the ancient times came to the rescue of the Pueblos and saved them from extinction by famine and pestilence. The clan of the chivonetti is of high repute.

These clowns, usually seven in number, are striped around the naked body with alternate bands of white and black—indicative of the dark days which were broken by the bright days, through their ministering efforts. They wear stuck through their hair sprays of ripened grain indicative of the harvest and of the plenty which was the result of their visit. No restrictions are placed upon their actions; and not only do they much amuse the crowd by their extravagant gambols and grimaces, but they pry where they please and seize what they wish. They are sacred from resistance.

Finally, pretending to following goat tracks, they 'espy the sheep at the top of the pole. They fail to reach this by climbing the smooth column; with miniature bows and arrows—mere reeds —they cluster about the butt and shoot upward. Laughter prevails. After some considerable time devoted to utter nonsense, a champion climber from among the other Indians scales the pole and lowers the sheep, and bread, and the fruit, with their attached streamers of red and yellow, to the clowns below. The offerings are borne away by them, and now the festival is over with,

ACOMA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO
As seen at distance of three miles

A STREET OF ACOMA PUEBLO, THE CLIFF BUILT CITY

DESIGNS IN SOUTHWEST INDIAN BASKETRY

for the public. During the fiesta the pueblo grounds are policed by the Indian constables, who lock up in the pueblo jail or eject from the grounds anybody objectionable. The arrests are usually confined to a Mexican or two, who has indulged far too freely in aguardiente. Owing to the publicity which has been given, and the intrusion of the rude camera respecting naught, Taos has been inclined to curtail its open observance of prized San Geronimo Day. In fact, several items known to former celebrations, already have been omitted, and probably are reserved for only the Indians.

By white authorities, a determined effort has been made to enforce the use of the camera, regardless, upon payment of a fee; and to enforce admission to all ceremonies. But strictly speaking, the right of the Pueblos at Taos or elsewhere to do as they please so long as they keep the law, cannot be denied. They are American citizens; their pueblo grounds are not reservations, but are owned by themselves; and outsiders are trespassers.

I KNOW WHAT PLEASURE IS, FOR I HAVE DONE GOOD WORK.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Secrets of Indian Basketry:

By C. Henry Dickerman, in Boston Herald.

IT WAS perhaps five years ago that I remember a young painter saying: "If I were to study design I should go live among the Indians of the Southwest. They have the purest design in the world, and the finest; full of untold possibilities for American craftsmen. And every year some secret of it is being lost." At the time I thought no more of it, being jealous of my own theory of how American craftsmen should develop their design.

The remark was brought to mind again last Tuesday when I was asked to go out to Wentworth Institute and see the American Indian League's exhibit of basketry and the weaving crafts. I confess I knew nothing about the American Indian League, and "Indian blankets" have had a way of calling up in my mind nightmares of "cozy corners" in Mattapan flats. I suspected all Indian art. I felt that it must be, like modern Japanese color painting, entirely under the heel of the white man's commercial civilization.

My ideas underwent a change after a few minutes' listening to Mrs. Marie E. Ives Humphrey, president of the League, who was explaining, with a loving and compelling earnestness, what I am told is the best collection of Indian baskets this side of Denver. I realized then that someone had seen a great opportunity, had taken hold of it, wrought big things with it, and was trying to explain the magnitude of it to the country at large. The opportunity was none other than the preservation of one of the finest art-crafts the world has known.

Induced to Teach Craft.

HERE I saw, for example, a basket made by Clara Dardin, until a very short time ago the surviving member of her tribe, who retained a knowledge of the ancient craft. When more than 90 years old, with one eye and one tooth, she was discovered through the efforts of a group of New York women, and induced to teach her craft to 10 young girls of her tribe—the Chetimachans of Louisiana. "They would go in their canoes on the Bayou Teche from Indian Bend to a certain point, then take out their canoes and drag them overland five miles to Grand Lake, where they would camp while getting the tall straight reed cane of which they made their baskets." At home "the roots and black walnut, of which the vegetable dyes are made, were collected, and some of the cane was

dyed red and black. Thus the materials had to be gathered and prepared with great labor and care before the weaving could begin. Then Clara Dardin taught the girls how to weave the single and the double-weave baskets with their many and beautiful intricate designs, each of which has a meaning."

Art of Each Different.

THE case was almost typical. Numbers of tribal industries, almost at the point of extinction, have been saved in just this way. This is the work of the league. The Indian is induced to supply the ever increasing demand for his product among enlightened art lovers the world over; the white men, for his part, is enabled to secure at prices that must inevitably rise year after year, objects of primitive craftsmanship which have a genuineness and real artistic value unequaled anywhere.

In the league's exhibit are baskets representing about a dozen tribes. Not only is the art or each tribe different, as are the forms and uses of their baskets, but each separate basket is unlike any other that has been or will be made. Each has the individuality one demands in an art work. For the squaw works from no pattern. The motifs may be the same or nearly so, but the basket itself—or "blanket" or belt of beadwork—is each time a new creation, adapted in size, shape, and decoration for the purpose prompting its manufacture.

I should hesitate to say whether the most wonderful thing about this Indian work is its handling of pure design, or its astonishing perfection of craftsmanship. Most of the baskets are water tight, like Panama hats; and not a few are "fire tight," or at least impervious to boiling liquids—for the Arizona and New Mexico tribes cook in a particular type of basket, light, yet woven with amazing snugness from roots and bark. There is also the grinding basket, with a circular opening in the bottom, used for pounding corn meal; the basket being placed on a stone for the operation. The commonest basket is used to fetch and hold water, a certain pumpkin-shaped type being set aside for heating water by the hot-stone method. Indeed, one finds a basket for every domestic purpose. It is even whispered among the initiate that the basket which forms so picturesque a head-dress for the industrous squaws may appear again, not less picturesquely, as the soup tureen of the evening's repast!

No Civilized Art Ideas.

OF THE design itself one is tempted to speak at inordinate length. It is as yet absolutely uninfluenced by civilized art ideas, and so (as the student of art history knows) may be counted on never to go wrong. The design always satisfies. There is never a fault of balance, never an inartistic clash of line or color. The motifs are the simplest—the arrow head, the snake, the double triangle developed from the flying bird, step forms, a few animal or grass forms, and some simple geometrical combinations. With these the most delightful arrangements are obtained, sometimes highly complex, sometimes amazingly effective in their simplicity and restraint. I saw a tray, for example, made by the Pima tribe of Arizona, the pattern on which was almost identical with certain designs I have seen on modern Hungarian ware produced under the wing of latter-day "art nouveau." But no modern continental work I have seen would approach it for sensitive balancing of black and white, and scarcely any for delicacy of thin line pattern in so brusque a medium. Only an unspoiled primitive tradition can account for this unfailing instinct for the artistic and the true.

I have little sympathy, however, with the attempt to make these designs form a link between the Indian and certain races on the continent of Asia which are pretty surely his cousins a hundred or so generations removed. You can find a bird or an arrow motif in the primitive art of almost any race. It forms no proof of relationship. Apparently the minds of primitive men are pretty much alike the world over. If necessity is the mother of invention, instinct is the father, and the succeeding progeny with all the artistic traits they may develop favor very strongly the paternal side. If you believe, as the Navajos do, the rattlesnake is the god of rain, you will not be long in weaving across your sacrificial baskets the image of the rain-god.

Meaning of Design.

A BASKET shown me by Mrs. Humphreys illustrates the point admirably. It was made by a squaw who had come under the influence of Christian missionary teachings, and its device was a five-pointed star. When asked of the meaning of the design, the squaw delivered herself of a little elegy in broken English on the hard lot of the Indian woman, the unending household toil, the labor of the

weaving; then pointed upward in the direction in which her new teachers had taught her to look. Her star was a star of hope.

In a more material, yet possibly a not less helpful way, the American Indian League is endeavoring to be a "star of hope" to the aboriginal tribes that today face either absorption or extinction. The league tries, first of all, to remedy an economic evil.

The western Indian, limited to his reservations, can no longer live as the school geographies used to say, "by hunting and fishing." The government is inducing him to try agriculture. But in many tribes his farming is still at the experimental stage, and in the case of the desert dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico, farming is almost out of the question. Meanwhile the encroachments of the white man have driven the Indian farther back into the wild and unproductive country. As a result, the tribes often face the most abject sort of poverty.

Burden Upon Woman.

UNDER such conditions, the heaviest share of the burden falls on the woman—traditionally the "worker" of the Indian family group. But the Indian woman by herself is lost. She knows nothing of the value of her ancient tribal crafts, and under the pressure of misery begins to forget them. Her children, who perhaps have learned just enough about civilization to spoil them as Indians, despise the work and customs of their mothers. "The young Indians make no baskets," was a common cry from workers in the field until within a year or so.

Realizing the very considerable income that might be derived from a cultivation of the old arts, the American League has endeavored to act as an "exchange for Indian woman's work." It collects subscriptions, buys blankets, rugs, pottery, bead work, and the like, and finds a market for them. Five years of this work have meant economic salvation for more than one Indian community. As one worker writes:

"It is wonderful how they have learned to trust us, and how Indian women, who formerly would not let a basket out of their sight, now write about their baskets, through some kind white neighbor, and often send the baskets on at the same time."

Good baskets always bring a good price. Often, though, it is hard at first to get salable baskets from the squaws, who have fallen

into slovenly ways of work. One of the most promising plans of the league is to pay an old, basketmaking squaw to teach her art to the younger women. A missionary among the Hoopas of California, for example, has been working along these lines, and recently wrote: "I have got the Indians interested, and I believe I can get them to make more."

In Northern California.

A REMARKABLE example of what a tribe can do with its art crafts is furnished by the Pomo Indians of northern California. Their baskets are the most beautiful in the world, and likewise the most expensive. Living near San Francisco they have naturally an excellent market for their handiwork. The Indians of this tribe know the value of their baskets, and this knowledge forms a sufficient incentive to keep alive the art of weaving them. The basketmakers live very comfortably on the income thus derived. A worker among the Pomo writes:

"Last summer one Indian woman sold a basket for $100. Yesterday another sold a similar one, only smaller, for $35. Small baskets are bought by traders and collectors for from $3.50 to $15 right along. So great is the demand for them that I seldom find a finished specimen in their houses. Some are ordered months in advance. All of the older and middle-aged women, and most of the young women, are basket makers. Many of the girls are being taught. Almost every woman here has an expensive sewing machine, which they pay for in baskets. So their agent here gets a good percentage of their work. The roots they use are giving out here and they have to go or send away for them."

This fortunate condition of affairs the league hopes to make possible for every Indian tribe. Recently, with the co-operation of the missionaries the league has undertaken to popularize the beautiful beadwork of some of the tribes in a similar manner. The Navajo rug weaving craft is perhaps the oldest and best established of all Indian industries. The eastern market is always open, the high value of fine Navajo rugs (so often miscalled "blankets") has become a matter of common knowledge, and the problem now is largely one of protecting the consumer against imitation.

The league has put out a little folder on Navajo rugs, which tells in a few words something about their weaving, the quality and

value of the materials, and the marks by which a genuine rug can be told. In the first place, its pattern is exactly like no other rug pattern in the world. No genuine rug has a duplicate; it is an object of art that cannot be replaced. A few points to remember include the fact that the rug will be exactly alike in color and pattern in the same place on both sides; there will be a binding cord on each edge and end which is woven into the frabic. The colors will be almost invariable red and white. Practically no other dye but red is in use, if one excepts the indigo that sometimes appears in the Han-ol-chah-di or "chief pattern" rugs. Recently the Indian League, at its New Yok office, has been acting as agent for genuine Navajo work.

Large Membership.

THE history of the league itself is not without interest. It stands today as one of the several agencies through which the white man is doing his best to atone for what Helen Hunt Jackson called, in a book doubtless familiar to many readers, "A Century of Dishonor." Founded only five years ago, it already numbers a considerable membership throughout the country and includes on its rolls the name of a number of prominent and influential Bostonians.

One phase of its work—the preservation and popularization of Indian folk music—makes a long story in itself, and can only be hinted at here. If one has the opportunity, however, to attend one of the lecture-exhibitions given by the president, Mrs. Humphrey, at various schools and colleges, one will hear specimens of Indian folk song explained and illustrated by the Rev. William Brewster Humphrey, executive secretary of the league, who has edited a little brochure of the songs, with music, selling at a nominal price.

Indian song ranks high in the world of folk music, and of late years has been interesting singers and even composers. Nothing could be more absolutely "native American." Dvorak, who made the Americian Negro melodies the basis of his "New World" symphony, had he known the Indian music, might have done something with it highly interesting and worth while. Perhaps, however, that labor is reserved for a composer of American birth, who will demand as the raw material for his art folk motifs not the less worthy and dignified for having been "Made in America."

Chas. E. Dagenett
President

Gustavus Welch
Vice President

Mrs. Emily P. Robitaille
Secretary-Treasurer

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U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL,
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Leander N. Gansworth.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, of November 10th, has this to say of Leander N. Gansworth, who graduated from Carlisle in 1896:

INDIAN IN COUNCIL OF UNITED LABOR
DELEGATE TO CONVENTION

Was it the first mutterings of a war whoop?

Not at all. He merely said "Here" when they read his name.

Well, but isn't that a tomahawk?

No, indeed; it's a convention ballot. Yet those are surely scalps dangling at his belt?

Never a scalp. They are college degrees and fraternal order certificates.

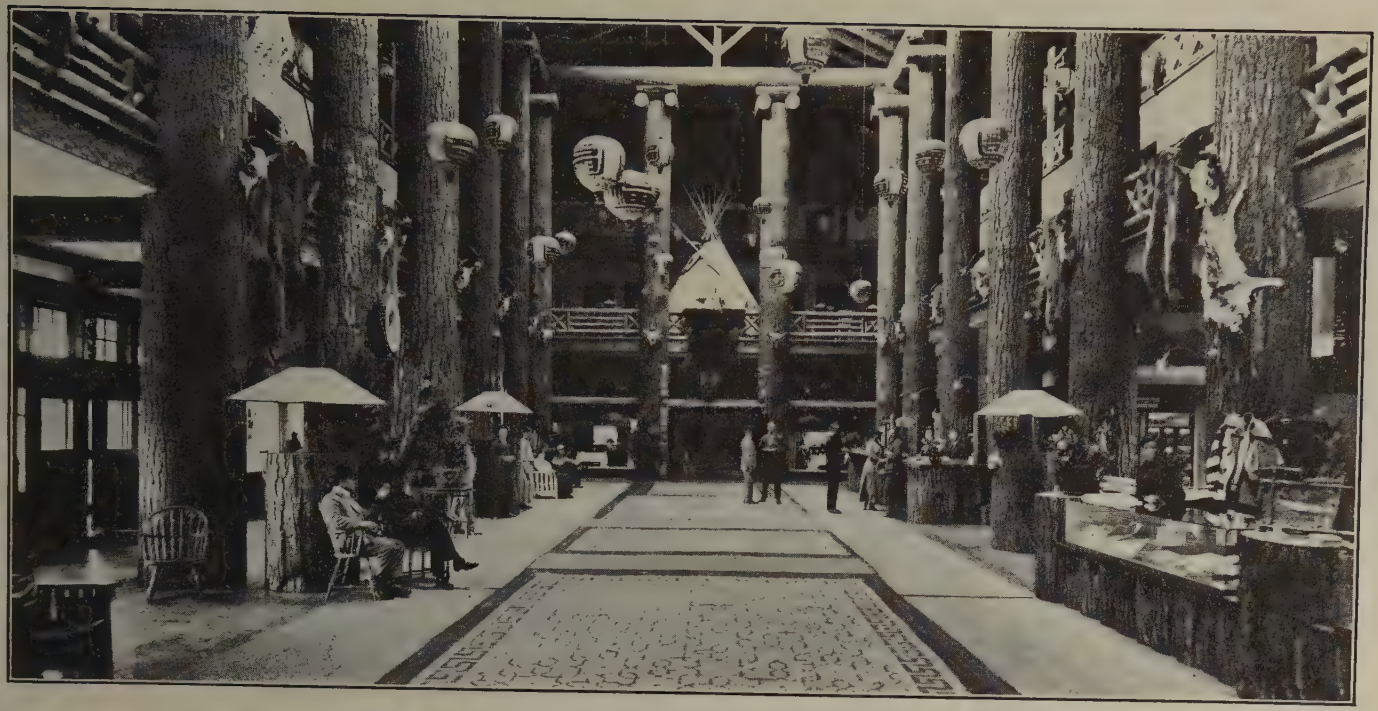
For, although Leander N. Gansworth, of Davenport, Iowa, delegate to the A. F. of L. convention in Philadelphia, is a full blooded Indian and a descendent of one of the most famous chiefs in American history, he is also vice-president of the Tri-City Typographical Union, No. 107, and secretary-treasurer of the Tri-City A. P. T. C. Therefore he does most of his fighting by means of the voting ticket, in perference to the tomahawk, and he hasn't uttered a true war whoop since he was graduated from Carlisle.

Short, slim and swarthy, Mr. Gansworth has the typical Indian physique and features. There is a glow of pride in his eyes when he tells about his ancestry, for he appears even prouder of the fact that "Red Jacket" was his forebear than of his own prominence in labor and fraternal circles.

"My father is a Tuscarora of New York," he explained to-day in a pause between proceeding at Horticultural Hall," and my mother was a Seneca. Since in our tribe the descent is on the mother's side, I am a Seneca. The Senecas were a New York tribe, like the Tuscaroras, and my mother was a direct descendent of Red Jacket. When the convention is over I am going up to New York to my old home—my father lives there still."

Mr. Gansworth's new home is in Davenport. He went there when he had been for two years assistant printer at the Carlisle School after graduation from the college in 1896. His present trade is that of linotypist, and as a linotypist he joined the union in 1901. Mrs. Gansworth, who did not accompany her husband, is an English girl whose former home was in Hull, England. There are four little Gansworths, all girls.

Far from dreaming of the war path, except as it might lead from the



GLACIER PARK HOTEL, BLACKFEET INDIAN RESERVATION, MONTANA

LEANDER N. GANSWORTH (*Seneca*)
Mr. Gansworth, Carlisle '90, is a printer and an active worker in the cause of organized labor.

A SEMINOLE CAMP-FIRE
The Indian mode of making a fire.

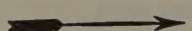
teepees of organized labor to the fortresses of defiant capital, Mr. Gansworth has devoted himself to union matters so earnestly that he has been sent three times as a delegate to the Iowa State Federation convention. Yet he has also found time to become a member of the Masonic Lodge, No. 167, of Boonville, New York; Mohassan Grotto, No 22, and Tecumseh Tribe of Red Men of Davenport.

Strange memories must have stirred in him when he joined Tecumseh Tribe of Red Men. His famous ancestor "Red Jacket," gave the United States Government some valuable information in 1810 concerning the deep schemes of Tecumseh. Red Jacket's career was an eventful one. His name was given him by the English troops in Revolutionary times because of his delight in a scarlet coat presented to him by a British soldier. During the Revolution which began when Red Jacket was about twenty-four years old, this Seneca chief fought on the side of the British. In 1784 he bitterly opposed the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, by which the Iroquois gave up some of their lands to the United States Government, bringing to his aid all the magnetic oratory which has caused him to be called the most eloquent speaker which the Indian race ever produced.

Though never a distinguished fighter, Red Jacket, by means of his compelling speech and his sage advice, rose from a position without rank to thef chieftainship of his tribe and hypnotized the councils by his eloquence. The United States is indebted to him for aid given to the troops in the frontier war of 1812-14. Because he was the last of the tribe's great chiefs, Red Jacket has been called "the last of the Senecas." He died in 1830, at the age of seventy-nine.

His Indian name was "Sa-go-ye-wat-ha" and its interpretation is "he keeps them awake." If Mr. Gansworth's energy is to be judged by the multiplicity of his business and fraternal interests, and if his capabilities are to be judged by the multiplicity of his offices, then he is a worthy descendant of the old Seneca, who "keeps them awake" pretty effectually for seventy-nine eloquent years.

The war-whoop doesn't resound in New York nowadays, and scalps have gone out of style as belt decorations. But if Red Jacket's eloquence has survived with his activity and his features, then it may be expected that Mr. Gansworth will be christened "he keeps them awake" by any stubborn capitalists upon whom he has put the Indian sign.



Alumni Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sanooke, of Altoona, Pa., paid their friends at the school a short visit during the holidays.

Rose Whipper, Class 1914, writes: "I am well and living up to the teachings of my Alma Mater and my motto, courage."

Paul Baldeagle, of Quarryville, Pa., was here to spend the holidays. Paul finishes the high school course in June of this year.

Cora Elm, Class 1903, is training at the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia for nursing. She is getting along very nicely in her work.

Miss Sadie Ingalls, Class 1912, of Philadelphia, was here for the holidays. She is taking up a secretarial course in the city and expects to finish in June.

Joel Wheelock, Class 1912, visited the school during the holiday season. Joel is attending the Lebanon Valley College, this being his second year there.

In a letter from Jacob Summers we learn that he is in Troop A, 5th Cavalry, at Midland, Ark. He closes by sending best wishes to all members of the Carlisle Alumni Association.

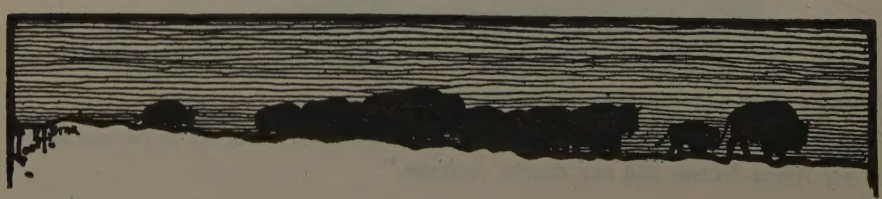
Miss Louise Thomas, ex-student, of Glenside, Pa., spent the holidays at the school. Misses Ingalls and Thomas assisted in the office work of Alumni Hall during their visit, which was much appreciated by the secretary of the Association.

John Gibson, who is attending Mercersburg Academy, was here for the holidays. He was awarded a scholarship by Rodman Wanamaker and is to finish his education at Princeton. He is deeply interested in social work among his people, the Pima Indians.

Isaac Gray Earth, a Haskell graduate, was here to spend the holdiays. He is attending school at Mt. Herman, Mass., with Louis Schweigman. Mr. Gray Earth made several talks to the student body while here, and they seemed much impressed with his earnestness and simplicity.

On account of the extra amount of work in getting out a circular letter to graduates and ex-students, Richard W. Johnson has been assisting in the office work of the Alumni Hall for the past month. Richard won the laurels for the Standards by his oratory in their public debate with the Invincibles on January 9th.

Mr. Antonio Lubo, Class 1904, who assisted Coach Warner during the football season and acted also in the capacity of assistant disciplinarian, left for Syracuse, N. Y., after the holidays, where he holds a responsible position with the New York Central & Hudson Railroad Co. Mr. Lubo has been connected with this company for the last four years.



MY COUNTRY

MY FATHER sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said: "My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and mother."

My father smiled and passed away to the spirit land. I buried him in that beautiful valley of "Winding Waters." I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal.

CHIEF JOSEPH

BROTHER, our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

RED JACKET